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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIV. CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 15, 1900. NUMBER 25

Recent Books About Abraham Lincoln.

"Abraham Lincoln, the Man of the People," by Norman P. Hapgood. A book of four hundred and thirty-three pages; published by The Macmillan Company, New York.

"The Memory of Lincoln," poems selected with an introduction by M. A. De Wolf Howe, a little book of classic poems to and of Lincoln, published by Small, Maynard & Company, of Boston.

"Spanish Peggy," a story of young Illinois, by Mary Hartwell Catherwood, with illustrations; a study of the pioneer life of early Illinois, in which Abraham Lincoln, the young postmaster and civil-engineer figures. Published by Herbert S. Stone & Company, of Chicago.

Better and worse books about Abraham Lincoln have been published, but there can be no poor books about so great a subject. The one golden rule to the book buyer on this subject is—buy everything relating to Abraham Lincoln and read, study and preserve everything bought.

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

A Wisconsin Congress of Religion.

A CALL.

Recognizing the increasing spirit of fellowship between the denominations and in acknowledgment of the sincerity with which all alike are seeking light upon the perplexing problems, both theoretical and practical, which confront us, we, the undersigned, citizens of Wisconsin, send forth this Call to as many as are like minded throughout our state to join us in a Congress of Religion to consider how our common interests may be advanced; this Congress to be held in the Union Congregational Church of Green Bay, Wisconsin, February 27, 28 and March 1, 1900.

(Signed)
For the Promoters of the
Wisconsin Congress

REV. E. G. UPDYKE.....Pastor Congregational Church, Madison, Wis.
REV. J. W. FRIZZELL.....Pastor Congregational Church, Eau Clair, Wis.
REV. E. H. SMITH.....Pastor Congregational Church, Oshkosh, Wis.
REV. J. M. A. SPENCE.....Pastor Union Congregational Church, Green Bay, Wis.
REV. W. M. FORKELL.....Pastor People's Church, Green Bay, Wis.
REV. A. C. GRIER.....Pastor Universalist Church, Racine, Wis.
REV. C. E. VARNEY.....Pastor Universalist Church, Monroe, Wis.
REV. A. G. WILSON.....Pastor All Souls Church, Janesville, Wis.
REV. L. S. ANDERSON.....Pastor Presbyterian Church, Marinette Wis.
REV. CHAS. F. NILES.....Pastor Unitarian Church, Menominee Wis.
MRS. HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.....Columbus, Wis.
MRS. FLORENCE G. BUCKSTAFF.....Oshkosh, Wis.
MRS. ELLA HOES NEVILLE.....Green Bay, Wis.
B. S. HOXIE.....Evansville, Wis.
MRS. J. W. GREENLEAF.....Hillside, Miss.

A RESPONSE

In keeping with the spirit and work of the Liberal Congress of Religion the undersigned heartily accept an invitation received from the above friends to coöperate with them in the meeting contemplated in the above Call, and assure them of our sincere sympathy with their aims and of our earnest effort to advance the interests of this gathering in every way within our power.

(Signed)
For the Directors of the
General Congress.

REV. H. W. THOMAS, D.D., President.....Chicago.
DR. E. G. HIRSCH, Vice-President.....Chicago.
JENKIN LLOYD JONES, General Secretary.....Chicago.
REV. GRANVILLE ROSS PIKE, Chairman Local Congresses.....Chicago.
REV. JOHN FAVILLE, Director.....Peoria, Ill.

PROGRAM.

(Subject to Modification.)

Green Bay, Wisconsin, February 27, 28 and March 1, 1900, in the Union Congregational Church.

Tuesday, February 27—Afternoon 2.00. WOMAN'S CONGRESS.
Mrs. Ruth K. Ellis, President of Woman's Club of Green Bay, Chairman.
Opening Address, The New Message, by The Rev. Mrs. H. W. Thomas of Chicago.

Evening.—INTRODUCTORY TO GENERAL CONGRESS.
The Hon. S. D. Hastings, Sr., Green Bay, Chairman.
7.45. Music. Prayer.
Address of Welcome, Hon. H. O. Fairchild, Green Bay, on behalf of the Union Congregational Church.
Response, The Rev. Hiram W. Thomas, D. D., Chicago; President Liberal Congress of Religion.
Sermon, The Rev. E. G. Updyke, D. D.; Pastor First Congregational Church, Madison, Wis.

POSITIVE QUALITIES OF THE NEW THEOLOGY.—Wednesday, February 28, Morning.
The Rev. Hiram W. Thomas, D. D., Chicago, Chairman.
Invocation.
9:30. The Search for a New Theology, The Rev. C. E. Varney, Pastor Universalist Church, Monroe.
9:50. The Impact Upon Life of the New Theology, The Rev. Granville Ross Pike, Pastor Millard Avenue Presbyterian Church, Chicago.
10:30. Spiritual Value of the New Theology, The Rev. William M. Forkell, Pastor First M. E. Church, Green Bay.
10:10. Unifying Influences of the New Theology, The Rev. A. G. Wilson, Pastor All Souls Church, Janesville.
10:50 Discussion of Previous Papers, Led by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, General Secretary Liberal Congress of Religion.

PRACTICAL TENDENCIES IN CURRENT THOUGHT.—Afternoon.
Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Chairman.
Invocation.
2:00. The Growing Ethical Element in Religion, The Rev. F. T. Rouse, Pastor First Congregational Church, Appleton.
2:20. Modifications of Church Organization and Methods, The Rev. Judson Titsworth, Pastor Plymouth Congregational Church, Milwaukee.
2:40. Sociological Lessons for Our Day from the Hebrew Scriptures, Rabbi Isaac Moses, Temple Israel, Chicago.
3:00. A Definite Program for Social Reform, The Rev. A. C. Grier, Pastor Universalist Church, Racine.
3:20. Discussion of Previous Papers, Led by The Rev. E. H. Smith, Pastor First Congregational Church, Oshkosh.
A Banquet and Reception will be tendered the Congress from 5 to 7 o'clock by the United Workers of the Union Congregational Church.

PROPHETIC VOICES.—Evening.
The Rev. Judson Titsworth, Chairman.
7:45. Music. Prayer.
8:00. The Prophecy of History: Or, The Achievements of the Nineteenth Century, The Rev. J. W. Frizzell, Pastor First Congregational Church, Eau Claire, Wis.
8:20. The Vision of the Present, The Rev. Mrs. H. W. Thomas of Chicago.
8:40. What Next? Jenkin Lloyd Jones, General Secretary Liberal Congress of Religion.

A SURVEY OF THE FIELD.—Wednesday, March 1, Morning.
The Rev. E. H. Smith, Chairman.
9:00. The Future of the Congress in Wisconsin—General Discussion.
10:30 Final Adjournment.

Entertainment will be provided for all who attend the Congress by the friends in Green Bay. Persons intending to be present are requested to send their names to the Rev. J. M. A. Spence, Green Bay, Wisconsin, as early as possible.

UNITY

VOLUME XLIV. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1900. NUMBER 25

We again take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the State Congress about to be held in Wisconsin, the program of which, revised up to date, still appears on our second page. It will be noticed that the names of Mrs. H. W. Thomas and Dr. Isaac S. Moses of Chicago are added to the list of speakers.

Another birthday of Abraham Lincoln is past. In the school room, at the club and from the pulpit has his name been spoken with honor and increasing love. It is difficult to over-praise this benignant figure but in the name of the democracy he represented, the liberty he served and the freedom he believed in, let none of us seek to shelter our lower ideals, our prudential economics, our warlike ethics, under the shadow of his great name.

So persistent are the problems of intemperence, so impressed are we with the measureless degradation that goes therewith and so sure are we that the curse of war is twin brother to the curse of drink and that the spirit of the one could scarcely be continued without the inspirations that come from the other spirit, that we can but give the following item quoted from the *Indian Messenger* published at Calcutta, India:

> Tommy Atkins is a dreaded being in Indian villages. His exploits among our innocent villagers have made the "Red Coat" an object of hatred and aversion to the people. Much of the race-antipathy existing in India is due to the British soldiers' inhuman treatment of the children of the soil. But the soldier is himself a victim—a victim of intemperance. And that fact largely accounts for the crimes of which soldiers are so often guilty.

Disappointing as the immediate outcome of the Peace Conference at The Hague seems to be, let no one deem it a useless gathering or count it as a lost opportunity. Mr. Frederick W. Hollis, one of the Commissioners of the United States and Secretary of the American Commission, is soon to give us, through the Macmillan House, an historical review of the movements and projects for general peace in the past, an account of the work of the Conference and its committees as well as an explanatory commentary of the various treatises which were adopted, with a discussion of the bearings of the whole Conference upon future international relations. When the noise of the guns has ceased to distract our ears and the battle flags that now wave over bristling parapets are furled, the story of the Peace Congress at The Hague will represent the most radiant point in the dark records of 1899. It will dispel somewhat the gloom that settles down over the closing century.

UNITY is once more called upon to extend its sympathy to a minister whose thought has grown faster than his people's. Rev. W. M. Forkell, of the Methodist Church, of Green Bay, after having laid his intellectual life before his presiding elder has found it necessary to move out in order to move on. We sympathize with the society and lament that the pastor must leave behind the church that was learning to know his voice but that can know it no longer within the boundaries of the Methodist Church. It is one more sad necessity to organize a People's Church in order that some of the people may find a place where they may worship independent of denominational restrictions or sectarian creeds. May they do their work so well that they may become not the one more church in town but the several churches less in town. When the time for synthesis comes may they be willing to lead or to retire as the best wisdom at the time may seem to indicate.

There is withering sarcasm in that saying of Ruskin to women, quoted by "The Advocate of Peace":

> The final reason for all the poverty, misery and rage of battle is that you women, however good, religious or self-sacrificing for those whom you love, are too selfish and too thoughtless to take pains for any creature out of your own immediate circle. * * * I tell you this, if the usual course of war instead of unroofing peasants' houses and ravaging peasants' fields, merely broke the china upon your own drawing-room tables, no war in civilized countries would last a week. * * * At whatever moment you chose to put a period to war you could do it with less trouble than you take any day to go out to dinner. Let everybody in the upper classes of civilized Europe simply vow that while any cruel war proceeds she will wear black, a mute's black, with no jewel, no ornament, no excuse for or evasion into prettiness. I tell you no war would last a week.

There is profound psychology in this remark. The ethical imagination is so weak that the sight of broken china on one's own mantel shelf arouses keener regret than the news of unroofed homes and devastated fields far away. Are there not great deposits of thoughtless selfishness underlying even the pretty philanthropies and the sugar and water goody-ness not only of women but of men?

Welcome to Frederick E. Dewhurst.

It was a significant, and we believe, prophetic recognition service that was held at the University Congregational Church, Chicago, last Sunday afternoon. It was a welcome to his new pastorate, of F. E. Dewhurst whose word and work are so familiar to the readers of UNITY. Plymouth Church, Indianapolis, under his leadership, was one of the few churches of any denomination prepared to extend cordial invitation to the Liberal Congress of Religion in 1896. How cordial a host it proved to be to the third session of the Congress many will gratefully remember. Last Sunday afternoon the platform of the beautiful University Church was occupied by thirty or more delegates, lay and clerical, men and women, who came to give more or less formal recognition to the new relation and congratulation to pastor and people over

the auspicious opening. The services were introduced by a processional sung by a boy's choir. Jenkin Lloyd Jones read the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians as the introductory scripture. Rev. Williard Thorpe, of the South Congregational Church, made the opening prayer; Rev. W. W. Fenn, of the Church of the Messiah, gave neighborly greetings; Joseph A. Vance, the new Pastor of the Hyde Park Presbyterian Church, spoke of the pastoral side of the minister; David Beaton, of the Lincoln Park Congregational Church, spoke of co-operation between pastor and people; Dr. A. Douglass Mackenzie, of the Union Park Theological Seminary, spoke of denominational fellowship and Professor Albion W. Small, of the University of Chicago, spoke of the Church and the University, Mr. Dewhurst making the last speech in response, the whole program being lightened up by appropriate musical numbers. The keynote of all the speeches was fraternity. The hope of all the speakers was for more co-operation, closer fellowship and more inter-denominational comity. And the most that was claimed for the denominational spirit and the highest justification offered by any of the speakers for sectarian churches was that loyalty thereto for the time being was the most efficacious and expeditious way to bring them to an end. Mr. Mackenzie argued that the "way to discover the ridiculous elements in the creeds was to live up to them and enforce them." While all the speeches were on a high plane, Rev. David Beaton seemed, to the present writer, to have reached the noblest ends. He exemplified the same free and genial spirit as he displayed in the address delivered before the Mid-Continent Congress and recently published in these columns. He pleaded with the people to give their minister liberty, freedom to break new ground, hospitality to a new message. He told them that he was valuable to them inasmuch as he interpreted life nobly and brought to them some glimpses of the visions which he himself, through study and meditation might secure.

Professor Small, speaking out of an intimacy that reached back to college days, gave the more personal welcome. He warned the congregation that they had called a man who was likely to do some non-conventional thinking, to express some views not in accord with their traditions, to stand on the unpopular side of things in politics and to identify himself with live questions and because alive, hot questions. In all this he found grounds for congratulating, not only the church but the city and the university under whose shadow the church is built, and to which community he must bring his proportion of ministry.

UNITY joins in the welcome and will wait confidently for the justification of this union of church and pastor. Mr. Dewhurst enters upon a position of great strategic advantage. He is backed by a constituency that while facing the new has not broken with the old. He is in the main stream of religious life and is called upon to conserve whatsoever is good in the method and matter of the old and add to all this whatever is vital and inspiring in the new. UNITY the Congress and the cause of religious fellowship, civic righteousness and ethical development, which UNITY undertakes to represent, will find in Mr. Dewhurst not a new helper but one whose help will be more effective because hereafter the shorter range will give more extended and effective contact.

Politics in Church.

In a certain ward in Chicago recently where the consensus of the competent seemed to point unmistakably to the duty of returning a certain alderman to the city council on account of his unquestioned integrity and marked leadership in high and honorable directions, a certain church was tendered for the purpose of holding a people's ratification of this alderman irrespective of parties. The meeting was called to voice the sentiment of the community in such a way that the "ward committees" and the intricate party machine they represented could not do otherwise than yield to the voice of the people and give the necessary endorsement.

This auditorium was tendered free of charge for this purpose, not because it was a church, but because it was a convenient meeting place sustained by a portion of the citizens interested for the service of the community. Postal card invitation was sent out to some twelve hundred voters and the list was supposed to have been compiled irrespective of party preference. On the appointed night perhaps two hundred voters appeared and it was evident that the majority of them represented the "old guard" in the party to which the alderman belonged and it was an interesting opportunity to study the "boys" and their methods, for notwithstanding the ameliorating influence of the place, the high moral level represented in the call and the purpose of the meeting, it seemed to be assumed that in order to be effective the meeting must partake largely of the characteristics of political preliminaries and that the "boys" must be allowed to play the game of "practical politics" in the old way.

The characteristics of such a meeting were none the less dreary because, unconsciously and unwittingly, these men showed the kind of school they had been trained in. Notwithstanding the presence of a few ladies, there was evidently on the part of the "boys" an inability to understand that a political meeting could be other than boisterous. Certain slouching habits, a straining at repartee, thunderous applause, pounding of the floor with canes, etc., when there was little provocation, a reaching after oratorical climaxes in cold blood; a certain studied spontaneity of enthusiasm at the mention of certain names spoken with an oratorical accent and all allusions to the shining virtues of "our party" and the foreordained defeat of the "other party."

There was a certain technical cordiality implied in the use of Christian names rather than surnames, the dropping of the "Mr." and a glowing enthusiasm over nicknames. John became "Jack"; Richard, "Dick"; Thomas, "Tom"; William, "Bill" or "Billy" and when adjournment came there was a sudden clapping on of hats and by a few a forgetting of the place by the prompt lighting of cigars. For the first time in the history of the church auditorium, tobacco smoke was sent curling its way upward like some un-

holy incense, and the next morning the janitor had some unwholesome tales to tell of floors stained by tobacco spit and quids.

All this left in the mind of the reporter the impression that this game of practical politics has been played so persistently in the private rooms back of the saloons or the unsavory halls above the saloons with floors covered with sand or sawdust, and that political speeches had been so associated in the minds of these "boys" with the hilarity generated by tobacco smoke, beer mugs and the foul humor so apt to be rampant where ladies never go, that this sudden change of surroundings left them still in the toils of habit and revealed a pitiable dependence and a lamentable loss in certain directions caused by their commendable interest in politics.

A further impression was of an unconscious and unwarranted assumption on the part of the management and perhaps even of the candidate himself that the respectable and dignified elements could be counted upon, that they would do their duty anyhow, that there was no need of special appeal to them and that their absence was not ominous, but the "boys" had to be looked after; they must be interested, placated, "Hoop'd up!" indeed, the reporter half suspected that the honorable alderman, the faithful member of a Christian church was a little bit uneasy in his surroundings just at that time and that he would have felt more sure of the "boys" if he could have met them in some of their old haunts.

Be this as it may, it was a matter of record that a certain Chicago sheet, devoting itself to politics, warned this alderman that one or two more such demonstrations in his interest would "rob Chicago of a good alderman."

The conclusions pressed upon the mind of the writer by this experiment are:

1. The "boys" are not so much to blame. Politics has been "played" in such unwholesome surroundings, on such low planes, that they have become habituated to the thought that political interests cannot be successfully advanced by methods more refined or upon any higher plane; and that, in the interest of the "boys", many of whom aspire to be earnest, respectable and valuable citizens, the political meeting place should be transferred from saloon surroundings to the most respectable gathering places available. The church is not built that is too fine or too religious to be used for the rallying place of voters when they come to consider the political interests of the community in which they live and their relations to the same.

2. In the interest of the "boys," many, if not most of which have grown gray in their enthusiasm, there is need, more and more, of cooling the blind enthusiasm of the partisan in order to kindle the enlightened enthusiasm of the patriot and the philanthropist. There must be an elevation of ideals, a broadening of sympathies, a quieting of methods. When the "boys" in politics become the men in politics they will realize that still waters run deep and that great problems are complex, that all easy solutions and the "cock sure" remedies based thereon are to be distrusted.

3. The "boys" need the presence of their sisters, mothers, wives and sweethearts at their political gatherings. They need them to ameliorate their profanity, to refine their language, to save their manners and to keep the air untainted. These features alone justify woman's advent into politics. But the "boys" need them for still higher reasons. They need that influx of intelligence, of study, of thoughtful consideration and mature judgment which these women could bring. However high the intelligence of this company of gentlemen in the church may be placed it is the deliberate judgment of this writer that the average would have been raised if each had brought along his wife or her equivalent.

What is this "Higher Morality."

"Granted that from the point of view of the narrow moralist that the Boers are right; that England holds today no suzerainty over the republic; that even what she claims to hold does not entitle her to demand what she requires of the Boers; that the war is in reality of her own making; that it is a conflict she has forced upon a free people, and that she has forced it for her own advantage. But there is a *higher morality.*"

Prof. Hopkins of Yale in January Forum.

This is the position expressed or implied of every defender of the British. It is the alphabet of the moral code upon which England has founded her empire, secretly in the past, but openly avowed today. It is the argument of muscle, might, multitude, money. It is the militarism of the old world formulated into a New Testament, a gospel for the rich and strong. It is the Psalms of Kipling over blood-wet plains of imperialism and the cooing of Alfred Austin over the piracy of a Jamison Raid.

Might makes right. We know more about your needs than you know yourself. We can do better for you than you can. We are ambassadors from the kingdom of a new morality. We are trustees of the Almighty. Let me tell you that in all the past every self-appointed trustee of God has been an embezzler of the rights of man. There are no treaties too sacred to break, no law that cannot be trampled upon, no honor that cannot be tarnished, no truth that cannot be crushed, no justice that can not be denied.

Where may this "higher morality" lead? Into every avenue of life,—from imperialism to militarism, from militarism to commercialism and from commercialism to despotism. It may stand for the justification of every unholy war, for the usurpation of every right —for the overthrow of all liberty.

"Let us alone," it says, "we have come to do you good, to civilize you, to Christianize you, to save your soul with a Mauser. We are here to serve you; give us what we want and we will build universities and libraries and give to your churches. We are deputies of heaven, and all we ask is a five-cent fare for fifty years. Dear people of this country, our heart yearns for you and also for a subsidy to carry your mails and produce across the sea. Poor, patient plodders, we are pining to do you good and incidentally for a monopoly of all you eat and wear."

If this "higher morality" obtains no institution is safe, no republic secure.

Where may this higher morality end? It might end

in the old world, and will, if we remain true. We have been true in the past, we have cried out against injustice at home and abroad. Every struggling people heretofore has heard our voice and the high standard of justice in this land has stood a rebuking conscience to other lands. Why now this silence? Has this mermaid of "world power" blinded our vision, this overwrought ethics of "higher morality" burned out our sense of justice? Have the love songs of the great and powerful lured us from the weak and helpless? I will not believe it. The heart of the people must yet be true and while we sorrow for the English people who had no part in making this war, yet upon whom fall its burdens and its grief, yet our hopes, our sympathies and prayers are with that brave people whose blood nourished freedom on our own soil, who defended Holland from pirates on land and sea, and who have never been defeated.—*Vandelia Varnum Thomas.* (*From speech at Pro-Boer meeting, Chicago, Jan. 27, 1900.*)

Good Poetry.

Abraham Lincoln.

(From the "Commemoration Ode.")

Life may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field,
So bountiful is Fate:
But then to stand beside her,
When craven churls deride her.
To front a lie in arms, and not to yield,
This shows, methinks, God's plan
And measure of a stalwart man,
Limbed like the old heroic breeds,
Who stand self-poised on manhood's solid earth,
Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,
Fed from within with all the strength he needs.

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,
Whom late the Nation he had led,
With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of an angry grief:
Forgive me, if from present things I turn
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.
Nature they say doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote:
For him her Old World moulds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
They knew that outward grace is dust,
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A seamark now, now lost in vapors blind;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to Heaven and loved of loftiest stars.
Nothing of Europe here,
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,
Ere any names of Serf and Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface
And thwart her genial will;
Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.
I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innative weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate.
So always firmly he:
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame.
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

Polygamy and Mormonism.*

In Mormonism, as in all other religions, there is an esoteric side, and conclusions that fail to recognize this fact must necessarily be partial and more or less misleading. This element, however, cannot be considered at this writing, and I will only observe that the spiritual force and vigor that characterized this movement so conspicuously at its inception, and throughout its early history, has almost entirely died out—succumbed, as it were, to the lust of temporal power and the baleful influences engendered thereby.

The Church to-day—or, rather, the Mormon people—are trying to live on the reminiscences of its youthful and more spiritual past. It has, in a word, become conservative, and in a sense orthodox, and relies too much on "the letter that killeth," instead of the "spirit that maketh alive." In this respect, Mormonism may be said to approximate closer to the kind of folk—referred to by Mr. Curtis—who want Jesus Christ in the constitution and God and the Holy Scriptures as the Court of Final Appeal: rather than to the liberal and progressive element to which the gentleman himself claims to belong.

Under existing conditions in Utah, it is found extremely difficult for the priesthood to harmonize present practice with former precept, and at the same time to keep alive "the faith once delivered to the saints." When allegiance is once conceded to some cherished ideal—however false or fanatical—the flexibility of the human conscience is such that it will not only tolerate, but justify, the rankest kind of jesuitism—one that will not hesitate under pressure to use any kind of means as long as the end in view is attained, which in this connection means the furtherance of a cause to which a mental surrender had been irrevocably made.

Mormonism, while yet in its infancy, was inoculated with this double-tongue virus, from which, unhappily, it has never since been able to recover!

Numerous instances could be cited to substantiate this statement—instances in which men holding the highest ecclesiastical positions have time and again publicly testified to the truth of that which they knew to be false. Particularly is this true in regard to polygamy, from its very birth in Nauvoo back in the early forties, to the time of its recent "death and burial" (?) in Utah, over fifty years later!

But to return to Mr. Curtis and his defense of the Mormons. It is not surprising that he should have impressed you favorably. Indeed, when I first read his article, I could not but regard it as a remarkable effort—as seen, of course, from a Mormon standpoint. At the same time, although ingenious in construction and plausible enough to convince all but the initiated, the matter itself is made up almost entirely of assumptions, sophistries, misrepresentations, and half-truths, the last being the most misleading of all.

The arguments employed, if they can be called such, have for the most part done duty in defense of Mormonism from the beginning, while Judge Goodwin's statements, based on twenty-five years' experience in Utah, cannot but be deemed trustworthy, not so much, perhaps, on the subjective as on the objective and political sides of the question; and if not much of an adept in the subtleties of jesuitism, it is because he has had no necessity to use them, since the brethren themselves never fail in affording occasions—more or less flagrant—indeed, their blundering of late in this regard would seem inexplicable.

In his opening paragraph—which, by the way, for "conspicuous inexactness" is a fair sample of those that follow—Mr. Curtis calls attention to certain resolutions of a convention of clergy, asking for "the recognition of Jesus Christ as King and Law-giver in the constitution, and acknowledgment of Almighty God and His will as revealed in the Holy Scriptures, as the Court of Final Appeal." Then, addressing himself to the liberal tendencies of the readers of the *Arena*, he proceeds to assert that it is from this class of reformers that the material has been drawn for the anti-polygamy league to prevent a congressman-elect—Mr. Brigham H. Roberts, of Utah—from taking his seat. To question, therefore, the qualifications of Mr. Roberts as said congressman-elect, Mr. Curtis naively affirms, bears the "ear marks" of sectarian hate!

Next follows a wearisome reiteration of the persecution of the saints in Ohio, Missouri, and Illinois, and, lastly, with something like fiendish persistence, this spirit of persecution is made to follow them over a thousand miles of sterile plains and mountain steeps into the heart of the Great American Desert, there, surrounded by savages, to find a place of habitation denied them by civilized man!

How intensely pathetic—and convincing, withal—as to the innate depravity of those who, despite the painful past, will still persist in their opposition to the establishment of a defiant polygamous theocracy on the backbone of the continent, and under the protecting aegis of the Stars and Stripes? But why, it may be asked, were the Latter Day Saints not permitted to remain undisturbed in their pioneer homes on the banks of the Missouri and Mississippi under circumstances that one would naturally suppose should conduce to peace and good will, and that community of interest peculiar to life on the frontier in those early days? It is under such conditions, surely, if at all, that union of purpose and concert of action would be most natural, and conducive to that fellow feeling that "makes us wondrous kind." Wherefore, then, this constant irritation, this deadly feud, that nothing seemingly could mitigate or suppress?

There is but one answer to this question, and this is found in the ultra-fanatical and aggressive attitude of the prophet Joseph Smith, who, Mahomet-like, believed himself commissioned from on high to establish the Kingdom of God upon earth in fulfillment of Daniel's prophecy, which kingdom was to subdue and break in pieces all other kingdoms, and hold dominion until he whose right it is to reign shall come again in the clouds of heaven clothed in divine majesty and transcendent glory!

The means employed to execute this sublime mission, unfortunately, were all too crude and carnal, and were verily "of the earth, earthy."

The temple of the most high was to have been erected on consecrated ground in Jackson County, Missouri, over which a cloud would hover by day, and the shining of a flaming fire by night—an ever-present manifestation of its divinity. But, alas! this goodly land, this promised inheritance to the saints, was in the possession of the unbelievers, and had, therefore, to be secured one way or another. So, being told by revelation that "one should chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight," the youthful and impetuous Joseph, nothing doubting, armed and equipped a band of his most faithful followers—called "Zion's Camp"—and led them forth from Ohio to redeem Zion, and, if needs be, by blood!

Unlike Caesar, who went, saw, and conquered, this Quixotic raid of the prophet's army into the enemy's country, it need hardly be said, proved sadly disappointing and abortive. Thereupon Joseph inquired again of the Lord, and was told that Zion must not be redeemed by "blood" after all, but by "purchase" only. This radical change of method, doubtless, was eminently satisfactory to those practical pioneer Missourians as far as it went, but aside from the doubt naturally arising in their minds as to Joseph's ability to deliver the Quid Pro Quo in shining ducats, or their equivalent in approved bank notes, offenses had gone too far to be hastily condoned, and the breach could not be so easily healed.

They had had an object lesson of startling significance, and learned somewhat of Joseph's penchant for oriental methods of procedure in the establishment of the Savior's Kindom—and, naturally, did not take kindly to them.

Henceforth the lines were more closely drawn, and the Lord's servants, despite his first revelation to the contrary, had to succumb and defer the erection of his house, and the redemption of Zion alike, to a more convenient season and a more congenial clime. And so it happened that the persecuted saints, leaving Missouri and turning eastward, took upon themselves once more the "white man's"—or, rather, the Lord's—burden, this time in Illinois, where they were received with the utmost kindness and hospitality.

This friendliness of feeling, however, was not, in the nature of things, destined to endure, for the selfsame causes that operated so disastrously in Ohio and Missouri were soon at work in Nauvoo, and with similar results. The same assumptions of divine authority, the same determination to rule in temporal and political as well as in spiritual affairs, revived the former bitterness and antagonism. Moderation and its councils gave way to anger, and the methods of the savage were in many instances resorted to on both sides, serving only to augment the mischief.

Then came the violent death of the prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum, in Carthage jail, and the exodus soon after of the saints enmasse from Nauvoo to winter quarters on the Missouri River, and thence, in the following spring—1847—westbound and onward to the fertile valleys of the Rocky Mountains, where two decades of almost complete isolation from the "outside world" and immunity from its persecutions afforded opportunity at last for the establishment of the kingdom in peace and righteousness.

As to the way in which this opportunity was improved, writers differ as widely as the poles. The results of this experimental period, so to speak, have been alike pointed to with pride and shame, according to the respective standpoints from which they have been judged. This, however, may be truthfully said, that a priestly despotism more complete, or a rule, more absolute, than was that of Brigham Young during the greater part of those decades in Utah, would be difficult to imagine.

Indeed, the unabridged history of those eventful years of isolation would not now be credited, were it not for the published records of the church, still accessible, which prove indisputably the truth of this statement—Mr. Curtis to the contrary notwithstanding.

Happily, the memories of what transpired then are gradually fading away, and far be it from me to

seek to revive them. It is fitting, doubtless, that the dead past in this regard should remain dead, and that the mantle of charity should be thrown over it; or, better still, that oblivion itself should claim it for its own—unless, perchance, it be decreed in the divine councils that the dismal record shall endure as a warning to future generations, nevermore to be repeated.

The chief incentive to Mr. Curtis' article, however, would seem to be not so much to indorse the dogmas or condone the practices of the Mormons, but rather to show how much better they are, with all their faults, than their Christian brethren of even more pronounced orthodoxy, or shades of belief—a matter, by the way, that, as it seems to us hereabouts, is of little moment and scarcely worth discussion. Not so, however, with the one involved in the real issue now on trial between the Mormon Church and the United States, the exact nature of which should be clearly understood, and, if possible, settled once for all, since its significance in many ways—particularly in its bearing upon other religious denominations—cannot well be overestimated. I refer to that clause in the constitution which says that "Congress shall make no law respecting religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." The Mormons, on the one hand, as is well known, claim, and always have claimed, that this provision, rightly interpreted, secures to them complete immunity in the practice of polygamy, and, incidentally, of any other principle embraced in their religious creed; whereas, on the other hand, it is contended that the right to such arbitrary interpretation is unwarranted, indefensible, and absurd, for, if conceded, it would completely nullify the law by making it depend on, and subject to, individual subtlety of thought and conscience, or that of any religious community, however depraved the one, or fanatical the other.

No argument, surely, is necessary to convince any unprejudiced person that the meaning and intent of the framers of the constitution, as defined by the Supreme Court, should and must govern the interpretation of this clause, and from this court of final appeal there can be no escape.

Much, in season and out of season, has been said and written by the Mormons about their love for and devotion to the constitution, which is also made to do excellent service by Mr. Curtis, who says:

"It—the church—makes no claim to exercising any function of civil government, to which it professes (?) a perfect allegiance, Its prophet even declared that the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States were inspired instruments."

He should have added: "Provided, always, that the right of interpretation thereof be, and the same hereby is, reserved to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, through its prophet, seer, and revelator, Joseph Smith, or his successors in office forever." This would have simplified matters immensely!

But I fear I am growing wearisome with the length of this communication, and yet the ground covered is all to inadequate. A word, however, in conclusion, is still necessary. It may be inferred from what I have said that I am influenced by prejudice. Possibly this is true, for—consciously or otherwise—who is not? Then again, one cannot do full justice to both sides at one and the same time, and the whole truth cannot be told by one only. Be this as it may, I wish you to know that my feelings toward the people of Utah, which include all classes—those in authority as well as others—are, and ever have been, of the kindest and best. Few men understand them better, or recognize their sturdy puritanic virtues more generously. Their motives, likewise, are of the highest and purest, and being, according to their lights, peculiarly susceptible to progressive influences, they are capable of being led to higher realms of thought, and better modes of living.

But the priesthood, alas! strange to say, holds them down to a low materialistic level, and compels them to subsist more on the husks of an effete theology, than on the ripe corn of ever-present, all-pervading spiritual truth, such as might be expected from the "living oracles" and that would come surely from them were such oracles open to the inspirations claimed for them. Instead of this, the system has so far degenerated that the leaders are vastly more disturbed at the present moment about the collection of tithes, and sending a polygamist to Congress, than in the spiritual and peaceable things of the kingdom, whose growth and glory "erst gave pleasure's pure delight."

By an Ex-Mormon.

* Through the kindness of a well-known citizen of Chicago we are permitted to print this extract from a private communication from a prominent citizen of Utah, who in his youth was associated with the Mormon movement. Although the Roberts' issue which called it forth is finally closed, the information which it contains and the frank spirit in which the situation is discussed will interest our readers.—Editors.

Truth.

Truth, show thy face to me
And I will follow thee,
Wherever thou mayst lead.
My spirit through the night
Sends up a cry for light,
Do thou her prayer heed.

So much of error here,
So much of doubt and fear,
Like mists becloud our sight,—
So much of fallacy,
So much of sophistry,
We cannot see aright.

And yet I sometimes dream,
Beyond the things that seem,
Thy form I recognize—
A veiled but shining vision,
As over hills elysian
A dawn of sweet surprise.

Truth, where thy realms commence,
Beyond the gates of sense—
The threshold of the mind—
For thee we ever seek,
But fail. Our feet are weak
And we are halt and blind.

The world has waited long
Thy coming. Like a song—
A song that has been sung—
The centuries have fled.
Earth sepulchered her dead,
And to the vision clung.

Sometimes a glimpse was caught—
Above the hills of thought,
The glimmer of a star—
A glory on the page
Of poet, seer, or sage,
As shed through gates ajar.

Truth, show thy face to me,
And I will follow thee,
Until thy spirit fills
My being. Lead me on,
Until I see the dawn
On the eternal hills.

—*J. A. Edgerton.*

To halls of heavenly truth admission wouldst thou win,
Oft knowledge stands without, while love may enter in.

God many a spiritual house has reared, but never one
Where lowliness was not laid first the corner stone.

Rear highly as thou wilt thy branches in the air,
But that thy roots shall strike as deep, have care.

—*R. C. Trench.*

The Pulpit.

The Forebears of Lincoln.

A SERMON BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, DELIVERED IN ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 11, 1900.

For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
And choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.

This is the poetic statement of the common understanding of Abraham Lincoln's descent into the world. He is thought of as some American Melchisedec. "A Prince of righteousness and King of Salem, without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days nor end of life, made like unto the Son of God, abiding a priest continually." That Abraham Lincoln promptly saw and frankly confessed his life losing itself early in the obscurity of the common people, is one of the touching and pathetic evidences of his humility and his conscious loneliness. When greatness began to dawn upon him and a correspondent of the "Chicago Tribune" visited him soon after his first nomination for the presidency, in 1860, seeking material for a campaign biography, he checked all curiosity by saying to Mr. J. L. Scripps, as reported by Herndon, his law partner, "It is a great piece of folly to attempt to make anything out of me or my early life. It can all be condensed into a single sentence and that sentence you will find in Gray's Elegy,

'The short and simple annals of the poor.'

That is my life and that is all you or anyone else can make out of it."

This reporter further records that "Lincoln seemed painfully impressed with the extreme poverty of his early surroundings and the utter absence of all romantic and heroic elements."

Perhaps the only authorized bit of autobiography he ever gave to the world was an autograph sketch given to his near and far seeing friend, Jesse W. Fell of Bloomington. It consists of three sheets, note paper size. The authenticity of the handwriting is testified to by David Davis, Lyman Trumbull and Charles Sumner. It was written in December, 1859, at the request of his friend who already saw in him the rising man of destiny. In this sketch he says:

I was born February 12, 1809, in Harding County, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families—second families—perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of the family of the name of Hanks, some of whom now remain in Adams and others in Macon counties, Illinois. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, migrated from Rockingham County, Virginia, to Kentucky, about 1771 or '2, and a year or two later he was killed by Indians, not in battle but by stealth when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. His ancestors, who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks County, Pennsylvania. An effort to identify them with the New England family of the same name, ended in nothing more definite than a similarity of Christian names in both families, such as Enoch, Levi, Mordecai, Solomon, Abraham, and the like.

My father at the death of his father was but six years of age and he grew up literally without education. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer County, Indiana, on my eighth year. We reached my new home about the time the state came into the Union. It was a wild region with bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There I grew up. There were some schools, so called, but no qualifications were ever required of a teacher beyond "readin', writin' and cipherin' to the rule of three."

The question of ancestry ended here apparently so far as Abraham Lincoln himself was concerned. It ended here in the earlier biographies. It has gone little further than this yet in the average conception of the public mind. So engrossed is it with the individual life that it has become careless and indifferent to the story of the descent thereof.

When Lincoln was representative in the Lower House, from 1847 to '49, the Honorable Solomon Lincoln, of Hingham, Massachusetts, impressed with one of his speeches, wrote him with a view of discovering if possible some identity of descent which, as already indicated, came to nothing in the mind of Lincoln. When he was informed, in 1856, that the convention which had just nominated John C. Fremont as a candidate for the presidency of the newly formed Republican party, had cast one hundred and ten votes for Lincoln as Vice-President, against two hundred and fifty-nine votes to Dayton the successful candidate, he said: "There is a big man down in Massachusetts by the name of Lincoln. I reckon they must have meant him, not me."

But even Abraham Lincoln had forebears and in him the law of heredity even under the most conventional interpretation, was not tricked. If he was cast in a new mould it was such a new mould as nature alone makes out of material fused in the seething caldron we call history.

Fortunately the representatives of the Lincolns in Massachusetts were not so easily baffled as Abraham Lincoln was in this search for ancestry. Through the labors of Francis H. Lincoln, of Boston, Massachusetts, (apparently the son of Solomon Lincoln who wrote the letter to the Illinois Congressman), whose first publications appeared in the "New England Historical and general Register," Samuel Shackford, of Chicago, whose research first appeared in the "Chicago Tribune," and others, it now appears that Lincoln, on his father's side, has a pedigree as straight, clear and noble as most of those who vaunt their New England blood, boast of their Puritan ancestry and go up and down the world pluming themselves as the "Sons and Daughters of the Revolution," a name that reaches back to the Lincoln that names the proud shire of England, a name that is found under the shadows of the beautiful Norwich cathedral with its flying buttresses; a name that reaches back into that noble crowd that overflowed the jail and filled the guild-hall in Norwich because they would not accept the ritual prepared for them by the bishop, the people who pelted the tax collectors in Lincoln with stones and finally, in order to rid themselves of responsibility to the odious government, sailed away—two shiploads of them—the *Rose* the *John* and *Dorothy*, from Yarmouth Bay, and in due time they cast anchors off the New England coast and established the colony of Hingham. This was in 1636. And the records show that house lots were set off to Thomas Lincoln the miller, Thomas Lincoln the weaver and Thomas Lincoln the cooper. Later along there appears Thomas Lincoln the husbandman, and still later, three years after the first platting, there appears Samuel Lincoln, eighteen years of age, who arrives from England to join his brother Thomas the weaver. The fourth son of this Samuel was Mordecai, a blacksmith, who married a daughter of one Abraham Jones from the neighboring town of Hull, and this blacksmith, in 1704, moves to Scituate and sets up a furnace for smelting the iron ore that was picked up in the Scituate and Hingham marshes. Among his six children were a Mordecai and Abraham, who, having a taste for the iron business moved to New Jersey; the second Mordecai constructing another furnace and moving on to Chester County, Pennsylvania, and in 1725 is recorded as selling out his "Mynes, Minerals and Forges." Leaving his brother Abraham behind he migrated to Amity in Philadelphia County, and dying, bequeathed his New Jersey land to John, his eldest

son, and various other properties to his other boys. And the Probate records contain the entry of "John Lincoln, Gentleman." In 1748 this same John seems to have moved to New Jersey. Ten years later he is in Virginia, in what came to be Rockingham County. His will shows five sons. Again the oldest son is Abraham and is followed by Isaac, Jacob, Thomas and John. This Abraham goes to North Carolina, married Mary Shipley, and he has three sons, Mordecai, Joseph and Thomas. In 1780 the pioneer blood pushes this family again westward over the mountains into Kentucky, where in 1774 this Abraham Lincoln fifth in descent from the Samuel Lincoln from England, fell while at work in the forest clearing a field, by the treacherous bullet of a lurking Indian. The three little boys saw their father fall, Mordecai running to the house for the gun which he reached in time to save the six-year-old baby brother, Thomas; Josiah with fleet foot flying to give the alarm at the stockade two or three miles away. It was this Thomas the babe, moving farther west in due time, who filed his bond for fifty pounds to the Governor of Kentucky. "The condition of the above obligation (so runs the document) is such that whereas there is a marriage shortly intended between the above bound Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks for which a license is issued. Now if there be any lawful cause to obstruct the said marriage then this obligation to be void, else to remain in full force and virtue in law."

On the 12th day of June, 1806, according to the certificate of the Rev. Jesse Head, and now on record at the clerk's office of Washington County, Kentucky, the marriage of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks was consummated.

In 1807 or '8 there was born to this couple their first child, Sarah; and on February 12, 1809, in a log cabin on Nolin creek, was born their second child, Abraham Lincoln, the great emancipator, the benign president, the noblest American, a star of unfading luster and unquestioned magnitude, destined to shine in the firmament of human love and admiration so long as the story of humanity remains legible to a human eye.

Here then, in short, is the pedigree of Abraham Lincoln, reaching back through six generations of Lincolns, through Thomas Lincoln the humble carpenter, Abraham Lincoln the pioneer martyr, John Lincoln, the Pennsylvania iron maker, Mordecai, the New Jersey foundry man, Mordecai the Scituate blacksmith, to Samuel, the English weaver.

This line is anything but a line to apologize for. Through their hands perhaps the first iron ore in this country was smelted. The Scituate blacksmith built also a mill on Bound Brook, "which was of great service to a large section of the country in both colonies." Mordecai Lincoln helped build the Hingham meeting house, one of the oldest landmarks in this country today, a meeting house that has been at the same time a beacon to the mariner on the sea and a guide to the thinker on land. For many generations it has been the home of free thought in religion, a church belonging to the household of Channing, Emerson and Theodore Parker. On the completion of this church the records say that the elders "assigned an honorable seat in the front gallery to Mordecai Lincoln." In his will this same Mordecai left ten pounds to help a grandchild through Harvard college. The second Mordecai and his son John acquired seven hundred acres of land on the Schuylkill, Pennsylvania; and Abraham Lincoln, son of Mordecai, took his wife, Mary Shipley Lincoln, and three children five hundred miles across the mountains on horseback into the bear-grass valley of Kentucky, not from poverty, but for wealth. He carried with him a land warrant for four hundred acres of land in consideration of one hundred and sixty pounds current money paid into the public treasury. A fac-simile of this warrant is reproduced in the Nicolay and Hay life. Another record from the field book of Daniel Boone, is to be found in the historical library of Madison, Wisconsin, showing that "Abraham Lincoln enters four hundred acres of land on treasury warrant, No. 5594, beginning opposite Charles Yancey's upper line on the South side of the river running South two hundred poles, then up the river for quantity." Dated the 11th of December, 1782. And there is a record reproduced showing the location of the land on the first warrant alluded to of "four hundred acres in Jefferson County on the fork of Floyd's Fork now called the Long Run, beginning about two miles up the said Fork * * * at a sugar tree standing on the side of the same, marked S. D. B., and extending thence east three hundred poles to a poplar and sugar tree; north two hundred and thirteen and one-third poles to a beech and dogwood; west three hundred poles to a white oak and hickory; south two hundred and thirteen poles to the beginning." This survey is countersigned by "Hananiah Lincoln, Josiah Lincoln, C. C., and Abraham Linkorn, marker."

On the death of this Abraham, the grandfather of our President, his estate was appraised by order of the court and a list of his personal effects has been discovered and published by Miss Tarbell in her "Life of Lincoln," and is reproduced in the latest life by Norman Hapgood. It consists of some thirty-five entries, including a sorrel horse and a black horse, two red cows and one brindle cow with calves; a brindle bull and a brindle heifer (yearlings); a Dutch oven weighing fifteen pounds, plow and tackling, weeding hoes, hand saws, a half inch augur, drawing knives, two rifles and an old smooth bar-gun, feather beds, turkey feathers, steeking iron (whatever that may be,) pott trammels, candlesticks, axes, etc."

Lastly we come to the luckless Thomas, the unprosperous father, who as yet has scarcely been mentioned by the biographers of Lincoln, except either in commiseration or ridicule. I for one offer no apologies for Thomas Lincoln and some day if I live long enough I am going to write a lecture upon a topic about which no man has yet lectured. It will be about "Thomas Lincoln the Father of the Greatest of Presidents." And if I prove equal to my subject I will succeed in showing that here also the law of heredity was not tricked and that Abraham Lincoln had no unworthy progenitor, as proven by the begrudging admiration of all the biographers. That he was a man remote from the privileges of the school is conceded, but that there were many things which he knew which our college graduates may well envy and some things he did that your reading critic may well note and be humble is also too true. He did learn to read and write after he was married and that was breaking more new ground than can be laid down to the credit of the post-nuptial life of many of his critics. He could make a boat that carried him and his effects from Kentucky to Indiana and when it was capsized in the turbid waters of the Ohio, sinking his chest of tools and his four hundred gallons of whiskey, which was the coin current in those days, received for his real estate rights in Kentucky, the biographer says, "with great patience and ingenuity he recovered most of the cargo and went on his way." He could and did, build with his own hands three or more houses in which he lived. He did with his whip-saw convert the log into the lumber and the lumber into the coffin that encased brother-in-law, sister-in-law and wife within the limits of a few weeks when the epidemic of the "milk-sickness" swept through the little

colony in the clearings, thirty-five miles away from a doctor and one hundred miles away from a minister. Herndon's life shows a cut of a brick mould made by Thomas Lincoln, and there is a little black walnut chest of drawers now held as a treasure in Evansville, Indiana, that was made by the hands of Thomas Lincoln, assisted by the prentice hands of little "Abe." In these days of the new education we ought to understand that all these things have an educational value that answers for many college equivalents.

He is said to have been vacillating in his religion. "Weak" and "wavering" are some of the adjectives. Perhaps he anticipated that larger sense of liberality which recognized the common spirit in all religious movements and the wisdom of allying himself with whatsoever form of religious life might express itself wherever he was and making the best of it. It may be that the deep solitudes of the frontier awakened a profounder wisdom in the untutored soul of Tom Lincoln that made him a Free Will Baptist in Kentucky, a Presbyterian in Indiana and a Campbellite in Illinois, than the conflicting privileges of the city awakens in the cultured cynic who smiles at this simple adjustment while he remains outside of and indifferent to all religious organizations. I am not sure but that there is more depth in the soul that can belong to three denominations when circumstances necessitate, than in the soul that never feels the need of allying itself to any organization whatever.

But the great charge against Tom Lincoln lies in the fact that he never "succeeded." He took claims and opened up homes for others to occupy. This is a crowning reproach in this commercial age. But in lieu of all this he had an "inexhaustible fund of anecdotes"; he "loved to sit about the stores and under shade trees and spin yarns." This made him extremely popular and it is recorded that though loving peace he had thrashed several monstrous bullies. When, in our admiration for a "successful" man we are prepared to demonstrate that this thing we call "success" perpetuates itself in succeeding generations and that the power of making money is an indispensable element in character, then it will be time to dismiss the humble carpenter whose crowning glory lies in the fact that he won the love of two noble women and was the father of Abraham Lincoln.

All this is on the father's side. Do we know nothing of the forebears of Lincoln on the mother's side? On this side the clouds of obscurity are supposed to hang more heavily than on the father's side. The earlier biographers, like Herndon and Lamon, living too close to their subject to be able to distinguish between idle gossip and evidence; wanting the perspective of time and the revelations that diligent research and study bring, have weighted down the story of the wan, flat-chested little mother, with pernicious, if not malicious, insinuations. But no longer is the name of Nancy Hanks shrouded in suspicion and overlaid in gloom, although for awhile yet the vulgar who have an itch for scandal, and the untrained who have no power of deciding upon evidences, and the uninformed who know not the facts in the case, may continue in their efforts to honor Abraham Lincoln by depreciating his forebears and denying if not forgetting his own truthful testimony thus recorded by Herndon:

> It was about 1850, when he and I were driving in his one-horse buggy to the court in Menard County, that he touched for the only time that I remember on his ancestry and origin. * * * As the buggy jolted over the road, he added, ruefully, "God bless my mother.' All that I am or ever hope to be I owe to her." And immediately he lapsed into silence.

But if there is to be pride in descent and virtue in long ancestral lines let Nancy Hanks receive her due and let those who have thought ill of her or pitied the great Lincoln on account of his mother, repent and make amends.

When Mordecai Lincoln bought his land in the valley of the Schuylkill, he unconsciously located it on the border of a new Wales, the town of Gwynedd, a name burdened with Cambrian pride. Among the lowly founders of this town were four brothers, Thomas, Robert, Owen and Cadwallader Evans. Cadwallader, the youngest, was a preacher in the Society of Friends and probably all the brothers were adherents of this peace loving fraternity. Cadwallader's bride was a Welsh girl by the name of Ellen Morris, born at Bryn-Gwyn, White Hall, in old Cambria. To them was born Sarah, described as a "queenly daughter," and she, October 12, 1711, stood up with John Hanks in the presence of the congregation of Friends in Gwynedd, Pennsylvania, and without intervention of priest exchanged their Quaker vows to "love, honor, obey and to be true and faithful the one to the other." The clerk recorded John as a "yeoman" and Sarah as a "spinster." Five children were born, the eldest of which, John, settled in Union Township, was neighbor of John Lincoln from Freehold and of Squire Boone whose son Daniel was the great "Pathfinder of Kentucky," whose magnetic love of the wilderness lured after him a line of Lincolns and of Hankses. Mordecai Lincoln, the early iron master and for the time wealthy manufacturer, appointed George Boone as one of his administrators. John, the son of John Hanks and of Sarah Evans, finds his way south across the Potomac into Virginia, on to North Carolina, where Squire Boone had led the way, and in due time we find in 1806, Joseph Hanks, the descendant of John and Sarah, at the head of a carpenter shop in Elizabethtown, Kentucky, and Thomas Lincoln the son of the murdered Abraham, an apprentice in his shop, finding his happiness in the smiles of the youngest of the nieces, Nancy Hanks, who has been described as "dignified and winsome by her grace and kindness; a girl who had a far away look in her eyes," one who had attended school in Virginia and who stood upon a higher intellectual plane than most of those around her." In her home the Bible was read morning and evening. And this is the girl that at twenty-three years of age gave her hand to Thomas Lincoln and in due time gave birth to Abraham Lincoln, President.

If you want a long pedigree you can have it whenever you strike Welsh lines. These Evans boys that helped to found the town of Gwynedd, in Pennsylvania, could trace their title to Welsh lands back to the twelfth century and their genealogical line reached, according to the records "to Mervyn Vrych, King of the Isle of Man, who married Essyllt, daughter of the King of Wales in 820." Both of these traced their ancestral lines to Ludd, King of Briton, who fought the Romans under Julius Caesar.

Hail, Abraham Lincoln, the descendant of kings, the inheritor of a line that antedates anything that queen, kaiser or czar may now boast of in England, Germany or Russia. In your ancestral line, Plantagenet and Conqueror, aye, Alfred, Arthur and Charlemagne are modern and commonplace.

You smile at these records and your smiles are justified not on account of the inflation of this pedigree, but on account of its inadequacy. This outline probably is as well established as that of any one of the innumerable host who belong to those whose ancestors came over in the Mayflower, and belong to Norman conquerors or Danish invaders.

All this and much more richness was poured into the veins of Abraham Lincoln. If we are to think of the poor, impoverished, illiterate, unkempt and dish-

eveled elements that belong to his ancestry, as to all ancestries, let us think also of that splendid blood represented by the Lincolns, the Evanses, the Joneses, Morrises, the Shipleys, the Boones and the Hankses. All this blood pulsed in the veins of the man who wrote the Emancipation Proclamation. The sublimity of that act and the grandeur of that actor were no surprises in nature's book.

Starting from the log cabin in Kentucky before we reach the sixth generation, back in Samuel Lincoln, the Norwich weaver, we have encountered sixty-two forebears of Abraham Lincoln, thirty-one men and thirty-one women; thirty-one following along the paternal line, to the hard-headed English stock of roundheads, stalwart Puritans; thirty-one following along the maternal line, to the imaginative, poetic, sympathetic, lore-breeding and lore-loving line of Cadwallader Evans and Ellen Morris, with all that is implied in that Celtic inheritance that antedates Christianity of which the inscrutable Stonehenge typifies the gray dawn; Arthur with his knights of the Round Table is the expression of its romantic high noon; the evening of which is represented by the indistinguishable element that has leavened the Saxon lump and made of its nutritious but soggy dough palatable bread.

It is well for us to learn from Abraham Lincoln an indifference to pedigrees, not on account of their unreality but on account of their inadequacy. The best pedigrees are subject to the inevitable vicissitudes of broken records and the noblest lines are thwarted whenever they run into the feminine gender for the records of men and family names are one continual and standing indignity to the biological law that calls upon woman to transmit her full share of whatsoever is good and bad to the offspring who only bears the name and guards the records of the man progenitor.

The records of the Lincoln family in Kentucky, Virginia and North Carolina are hopelessly broken by the vandal hands of the war of 1861 to '65. The war that ransacked court houses and destroyed records. They are broken again by that inevitable neglect of impedimenta that belongs to successive generations of pioneers who took their souls along, but left their records behind. In their zeal for the future they grew indifferent to the past. The present so absorbed them that they sacrificed their traditions. Once more, the Lincoln records are broken by the loss of the feminine links.

But what of it? Where the human records fail, science comes in and establishes with mathematical certainty the sublime fact that every life that lives today is a mighty focus into which have been concentrated the incalculable rays from innumerable lives through untold generations.

In the life of Abraham Lincoln, as of every human being that ever came into the world, six generations focalize sixty-two foreelders and no more, each endowed with the mystic power of transmitting more or less of his or her idiosyncrasies, attainments and character, the contribution of each subject to such modifications as would come from the mingling with sixty-one other similar contributions.

If Solomon Lincoln was the fifth paternal ancestor of Abraham Lincoln, he must share the honor with fifteen other great, great, great grandfathers, who had equal right to the sad humorist and sixteen other great, great, great grandmothers who have equal right to the manly and lovely child. If Ellen Morris was the fifth grandmother, she must share the honor with fifteen other grandmothers, Welsh, English, American or Indian, and sixteen other grandfathers, Welsh, English, American, Indian, Gypsy or what not. Go back far enough and white, yellow and black races blend in the witches' cauldron that yields the "product firm and good."

Who can trace this wild but wise shuttle of heredity as it flies back and forth through the numberless threads that carry the warp through this woof of destiny? The only difference between the titled man and the common man, or, to use Lincoln's phrase, between the "first families and the second families of Virginia" is that the first class have forgotten their plebeian ancestry and the second class have forgotten their titled ancestry.

Your lord has ignored the peasant and slave element in his ancestry, and his lackey, the man who blacks his boots, has forgotten his lordly ancestry and perhaps he has forgotten the least important part in his own ancestry and remembers the most important part in "my lord's" ancestry. When Emerson said of the English people that they were "a people of myriad personalities; their many-headedness is owing to the advantageous position of the middle class who are always the source of letters and science," he spoke the truth of all middle classes. They are middle only in the arbitrary records of men, in the stupid conceits of your classes, in the imbecile conception of the self-appointed aristocrats. The same "middle classes" in the light of biology and ethnology represent the last creaming of the capacious pan into which the milk of life is poured.

In carrying back the ancestry of Lincoln only six generations we come upon thirty-two foreelders of that generation. If we follow along the line of Cadwallader Evans' pride and get back only thirty-three generations, we find an ancestry of 1,108,683,588 in that one generation. What are they? Certainly his Welsh conceit is gone; his British pride is lost; the Anglo Saxon has lost its pink and white and European conceit is merged into Asiatic mixtures, and the humble little Nancy Hanks finds a place in this great democracy, the obscurity of which belongs to the individual when we think of race forces and national traditions.

But these figures leave us still nearly two centuries this side of Mervyn Vrych, the King of the Isle of Man and the fair daughter, Essyllt, of the King of Wales. Let only he who is skilled in figures dare to try to carry the computation far enough to reach the great Lludd who caused the armies of Julius Caesar to turn their backs on Briton. But any one of us has mathematical power enough to follow along these lines of thought and calculation to where we lose our conceit for titles and gain our confidence in man, plain untitled, unpedigreed man; where we resent the indignity when one dares talk about "illegitimacy" in the great line of descent that proves that however illegitimate parentage may be there are no illegitimate births of children that are the fruits of love. We resent the unscientific fling at "poor whites" and are ready to refute the implication that speaks of Nancy Hanks as "a rare flower blooming 'mid a bed of ugly weeds," and find her instead a flower of ineffable beauty because she grew in the beautiful garden of the Lord bedecked from marge to center with beautiful blossoms, and this blossom of Nancy Hanks Lincoln all the more beautiful because touched with modesty, shrouded in obscurity.

Who had a better right to characterize the mother that bore him than the great Lincoln himself and he described her as "of medium stature, dark, with soft and rather mirthful eyes; a woman of great force of character, passionately fond of reading. Every book she could lay her hand on was eagerly read." "And," says Noah Brooks, "years afterwards Lincoln said that his earliest recollection of his mother was of his sitting

at her feet with his sister, drinking in the tales and legends that were read and related to them by the house-mother."

Land of Merlin, rejoice, for thou didst contribute through this far off child of the wilderness thy fraction of soul which makes for poetry, hope and tenderness.

I have tried on the hard lines of fact and science to vindicate the right of Thomas Lincoln to his son. If I have done less for the mother the fault is mine. The father sawed the wood and made the coffin that buried the little mother, who laid her wan hand, wasted by the fever, on the head of the little boy, ten years old, and left him her dying bequest. She said:

I am going away from you, Abraham, and shall not return. I know that you will be a good boy; that you will be kind to Sarah and to your father. I want you to live as I have taught you and to love your heavenly Father.

Precious words, which the great President himself entrusted many years after to the memory of Joshua F. Speed, one of his earliest, and perhaps, most timely friend. See the brave little boy, ten years old, inditing his first letter to Rev. David Elkins, at Little Mound, Kentucky, asking the poor preacher to ride a hundred miles through the wilderness to say a word over the grave of this mother that left him the tender benediction in his heart. Three months elapsed and the humble itinerant, (let his memory be enshrined in the hearts of all those who love Lincoln) came, and on a bright Sabbath morning in the beautiful month of June, the settlers gathered from far and near, afoot and a horseback, in wagons drawn by oxen and on sleds where wheels could not be afforded, gathered with the little family under the trees beside the humble mound and heard the dear elder who knew her in the old Kentucky home, testify to her sweet and patient life and exhort, doubtless in simple phrase, the listeners to emulate her virtue, to rest in her faith and to complete the work which she had begun.

No reporter was there to take down the address; no camera was there to catch the picture and no artist has arisen to paint the scene, but it is one of the beautiful events in the story of America and enforces once more the deliberate words of the loving as well as the wise Abraham Lincoln when he said:

God bless my mother. All that I am, all that I hope to be, I owe to my angel mother.

Lincoln's Birthday.

Each year we would recall by holiday,
  The service of this sterling, upright man:
  For long he bore the burden and the ban,
Yet planet-like pursued appointed way:
He conscience heard and made his mind obey;
  He followed out occasion's growing plan—
  That from the thought of God in beauty ran,
And brought us where large liberty would stay!
Now crowned by martyrdom and faithfulness,
  He stands a figure for all time to love;
  He teaches us in Nation's strife and stress,
  The strength of pure simplicity to prove;
No scheming greed be ours or lust for power,
But his high love and service of the hour!
By time's perspective we can see the good
  Of such plain holding to our duty's right;
  'Tis guide of gold like Northern star of night:
And when subsides the tumult and the flood,
From ruin's waste arises field and wood,
  And happy homes come forth in blessing bright,
  And then men live in joyous Summer light,
As if near heaven in noble mood they stood!
"Be true!"—this soul in earnest pleading cries,
  "The Union keep to bless and only bless;
As one let president and people e'er arise—
  To lift the land from thraldom and distress;
Make liberty and love and light have power,
  And benedictions give to each succeeding hour!"

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

The Sunday School.

A Course of Study in the Non-Biblical Jewish Writings.

NOTES FROM THE MOTHERS' NORMAL CLASS OF ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO.

XIV.

Prepared by E. H. W.

THE ASSUMPTION OF MOSES.

MEMORY TEXT:

Other men are buried in the earth, but thy grave is from the rising to the setting sun, from the south to the north; the whole world is thy sepulchre.

Over in Oxford there is a scholar by the name of Charles, who in 1896 got out an edition of the Apocalypse of Baruch, and the next year of "The Assumption of Moses," of which I am to talk to you to-day.

When we came to the book of Enoch we found an interesting link that connected it with the smallest and most insignificant book in the whole New Testament, the Epistle of Jude, a one-chapter epistle of twenty-five verses. Now this same little Jude leads us to another find. In the ninth verse we read:

"But Michael the archangel, when contending with the devil he disputed about the body of Moses, durst not bring against him a railing judgement, but said, The Lord rebuke thee."

But what does Michael have to do with the devil and Moses in this affair? That is what the scholars asked, and it remained a mystery to modern English scholars until about thirty years ago. In 1870 or '71, a fragment was found, an old palimpsest,—a parchment used more than once. When parchment was scarce and costly the scribes would rub out the writing as I do on the black-board, and write something else in its place, but the rubbing out was imperfect and modern scholars, by a process of restoration, have been able in many cases to read the writing under the writing. A pathetic interest gathers around because of the poverty-stricken condition under which letters crawled into the world for two or three thousand years, all the way down to the time of printing.

But what did Michael have to do with Moses and the devil?

About thirty years ago scholars found a piece of "The Assumption of Moses." The first part is lost and the remainder is very imperfect; and the last and most interesting part, the struggle between Michael and Moses, is gone except by inference. So we learn that there was a book called the "Assumption (the going up) of Moses," which existed and was known until about the eleventh or twelfth century, when it was lost until about thirty years ago. The part found is supposed to be only about half of the original and the whole is supposed to have been about as large as our book of Revelation. The fragment stops just where the story of the struggle with the devil begins. Now do we not wish we could get the whole story? We now, probably for the first time in these studies, cross the Christian line and deal with a book written a few years after the birth of Jesus. But we are still in Judaism. This book does not know anything about Jesus. It was probably written in Jerusalem by one of the Zealots who was red hot in the thought that he did not want any intermediate agency between Jehovah and man. He believed that Jehovah was coming and he wrote the "Assumption of Moses" to prove it.

This is the frame-work of the book. Here is an author in the beginning of the first century A. D., projecting a story, a drama, away back into the fourteenth

century B. C. He had a chance to work up all the material he pleased, not in a fraudulent but in a rhapsodic way. Moses is represented in the fragment as making his last speech to Joshua, giving him a condensed sketch of events as they were going to be all the way down to the first century, and, of course, as he wrote after the events had happened he could help himself out with history; and Moses is made to predict the story of Herod's boys. So they, the scholars, say the book must fit into that time; that it must have been written after the death of Herod and before the death of his sons.

After Moses had given this epitome of history, Joshua, with becoming modesty, according to the record of the text, says: "I am not equal to the task, it is too great," and he puts in his demurrer. Moses reassures him and the book passes into an account of his death, and there the record ends.

Now the Zealot comes along and asks: "Why was Moses' burial so obscure, why was it such a secret, why were the people who loved him not allowed to bury him? It is said, He died and no man knoweth where he is buried. Why was it so?"

The theory of the Zealots is this, and it was all worked out by the priests in the latter days, in the interest of monotheism: They were afraid of idolatry and afraid that if the people knew where their great leader was buried they would go to work and put up a monument there and think of him in that place instead of centering all their affections on Jerusalem. The devil, in the imagination of these people, thought they would try to thwart this high strategy by burying Moses where folks would know the place and so come to his shrine. And so Michael, the archangel, who, by the way, has come into being within the last three hundred years, had a quarrel with the devil. And it would appear that when Michael had spoken these words, "The Lord rebuke thee," the devil got scared and left the body in charge of Michael and the angels, who buried it secretly and bore the spirit of Moses on high.

To be sure, the book does not show a very charitable spirit. It was pretty hard on the heathen but good for the Jew. It was a form of that old Messianic hope, the immediate establishment of a theocracy on earth, with Jerusalem as headquarters.

But is it not a pretty story? And wouldn't you like to get the rest of the book? It is the very essence of material by which children can be taught history, poetry and piety too, in a larger, more universal way.

The Ideal in the Actual.

The measure of a man's soul is his ability to disregard the hindrances and concentrate his energy on the achievement; to put aside the accidents of a relation, a work, an opportunity, and grasp the reality. If there is as a wise poet says, a soul of goodness in things evil, there is much more certainly a soul of beauty within the form of all relations and duties and works; and he who is able to carry all his relationships, duties and work to the mount where the patterns are, to the light of the spiritual order where these mortal things instantly put on immortality, has read the open secret and pierced the mystery of life.

Our spiritual progress is to be measured by the clearness with which we discern the ideal in our relationships and work, and the completeness with which we address ourselves to them. Growth in any kind of work is conditional on fidelity to an advancing ideal; or, to be more exact, upon increasing clearness of discernment of an ideal. This is the secret of that divine discontent which drives the thinker, the teacher, and the artist steadily on into fresh labor, new undertakings, and larger responsibilities.— *The Outlook.*

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUNDAY—Let none falter who thinks he is right.
MONDAY—With malice toward none and with charity for all.
TUESDAY—Come what will, I will keep my faith with friend and foe.
WEDNESDAY—This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it.
THURSDAY—No man is good enough to govern another without the other's consent.
FRIDAY—Gold is good in its place, but living, brave, patriotic men are better than gold.
SATURDAY—This government must be preserved, in spite of the act of any man or set of men.

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

A Scientific Gran'pa.

"See, grandpapa, my flower," she cried:
"I found it in the grasses,"
And with a kindly smile, the sage
Surveyed it through his glasses.

"Ah yes," he said, "involucrate,
And all the florets ligulate.
Corolla gamopetalous—
Compositae—exogenous—
A pretty specimen it is,
Tarasacum dens-leonis."

She took the blossom back again,
His face her wistful eye on.
"I thought," she said, with quivering lip,
"It was a dandelion!"

—*Margaret Johnson.*

Bruce and the Spider.

There was once a King of Scotland whose name was Robert Bruce. He had need to be both brave and wise, for the times in which he lived were wild and rude. The King of England was at war with him, and had led a great army into Scotland to drive him out of the land. Battle after battle had been fought. Six times had Bruce led his brave little army against his foes; and six times had his men been beaten and driven into flight. At last his army was scattered, and he was forced to hide himself in the woods and in lonely places among the mountains.

One rainy day, Bruce lay on the ground under a rude shed, listening to the patter of the drops on the roof above him. He was tired and sick at heart and ready to give up all hope. It seemed to him that there was no use for him to try to do anything more.

As he lay thinking he saw a spider over his head making ready to weave her web. He watched her as she toiled slowly and with great care. Six times she tried to throw her frail thread from one beam to another, and six times it fell short.

"Poor thing!" said Bruce: "You, too, know what it is to fail."

But the spider did not lose hope with the sixth failure. With still more care she made ready to try for the seventh time. Bruce almost forgot his own troubles as he watched her swing herself out upon the slender line. Would she fail again? No! The thread was carried safely to the beam and fastened there.

"I, too, will try a seventh time!" cried Bruce.

He arose and called his men together. He told them his plans and sent them out with messages of cheer to his disheartened people. Soon there was an army of brave Scotchmen around him. Another battle was fought and the King of England was glad to go back into his own country. I have heard it said that after that day, no one by the name of Bruce would ever hurt a spider. The lesson which the little creature had taught the king was never forgotten.

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

THE DICKINSON LIBERAL CLUB, organized November 16, 1899, has passed the experimental stage and is now an assured success. This is evidenced by the increased membership and interest in its work.

The purpose of the club is to search for truth in all directions. The members mean to give their minds to the impartial study and investigation of all subjects pertaining to the interests of humanity. They will consider all phases of scientific, religious and sociological thought. Its methods are to be individual research, discussion, and correspondence with leaders of current thought. The members thus hope to obtain a better and clearer understanding of all the great and important questions now confronting humanity.

The requisites for admittance are a good moral character and an interest in the club's work. Upon admittance one is not asked whether he believes in certain doctrines, but instead, whether he is willing to investigate the foundations of his beliefs. Anyone belonging to one of the three upper classes of the college and willing to do this is eligible to membership. The club is neither Christian, Agnostic, nor Occult. It is neither materialistic nor spiritualistic. The members are simply searchers for truth. At present they range from truth-seeking orthodoxy to advanced Unitarianism.

By your publishing this short notice of its existence, the club will be greatly indebted to you, inasmuch as it can thus more readily come into contact with current thought. It is young but by the grace of reason and brotherhood it hopes to live and grow—ever exerting a broadening and liberalizing influence.

LEONARD D. EMMERT, Corresponding Secretary.
Carlisle, Pa.

PERSONAL.—Rev. W. C. Haskell, of the Second Congregational Church, of Rockford, is prepared to enter upon the lecture platform and speak his views of "The Christian Religion," "The Truth and Fallibility of the Bible" and "The Inconsistencies of Ministers."

We hope that Mr. Haskell will be called for in many centers.

THE BEHREND INCIDENT.

A large number of papers have reported without comment, an incident which occurred recently at the University of Berlin, where the students protested with noisy demonstrations against the presence of a lady at Professor Behrend's course on prostitution.

The fair-minded professor took the part of his auditress, declaring that women not only have the right to concern themselves with this subject, but that the question touches them very closely and that their activity in this domain has already had most beneficent results.

Before the persistent opposition of the gentlemen students, however, the rector felt obliged to withdraw from Miss H. her hearer's ticket, though she is no boarding school Miss, but principal of a school and desirous of seriously investigating questions which are within the province of every school mistress.

This arbitrary exclusion has called out quick protests from the world of earnest women. The society "Franenstudium" has addressed a remarkable letter to the Academy Senate, claiming for each sex the right of scientific research and adjuring the Academic authorities to cultivate among the youth of the highest institutions of learning, principles of justice and morality in better accord with the more enlightened civilization of our time.

The Berlin branch of the International Abolitionist Federation has in its turn addressed to the same body a dignified and firm protest against the settlement given to the incident, showing how important it is for morality itself that men and women should unite their efforts to combat the most terrible social evil, and how necessary it is, therefore, that both should acquire the scientific knowledge indispensable for the struggle, and that not through separate instruction—as was suggested by Professor Behrend as a last resort, but side by side in a spirit of mutual respect.

It is plain that the questions raised by this debate involve in the highest degree the conception of morality in the midst of the German Nation. On the other hand, independently of this incident one can but congratulate the University of Berlin for having put on its program the subject of prostitution. May its example be followed elsewhere.—*Le Signal de Genève.*

ST. PAUL, MINN.—Unity Church has met with a severe loss in the death of its beloved pastor, Dr. Clarence L. Divan. He had endeared himself so much to his people during his comparatively short ministry of less than two years that they feel as if a dear, personal friend had been taken away.

Unity Church will have to wait a long time before any successor can be found who will be as acceptable to the entire parish, old and young, as Dr. Divan. His intellect was of a high order, as his degrees of Ph. D., and D. D. testify, but his five-minute "sermonettes" each Sunday for the children will long be remembered by them as well as by their parents. In these talks he condensed sound moral precept with most picturesque illustrations, which never failed to leave a lasting impression on all, and they will be sadly missed.

His short, distressing illness of less than a week fell like a thunderclap out of the clear sky where all seemed so serene but a moment before. The church was steadily increasing in attendance and all were most happy in their relations of mutual respect, sympathy and affection. The blow was perfectly stunning to all, but more especially to the dear wife, whose intelligent, efficient co-operation in her husband's work had added greatly to the strength of the church. She has left us, too, so that we feel doubly orphaned at present.

The entire community shares with us in mourning for one who was beloved by all with whom he came in contact, as the large attendance proved at the touching services held in Unity Church, conducted by Rev. H. M. Simmons, of Minneapolis. I. M. H.

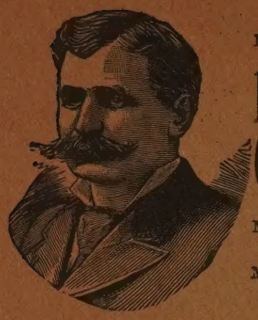
Books Received.

Sunday afternoons for the Children, a Mother Book, By E. Frances Soule.—FORDS, HOWARD & HULBUT, NEW YORK.

SMALL, MAYNARD & CO.,
6 Beacon St, Boston.

At Start and Finish, By William Lindsay. $1.25.
The Beacon Biographies, Thomas Paine, By Ellery Sedgwick. 75c.
Taliesin, a Masque, By Richard Honey. $1.
The House of a Hundred Lights; A Psalm of Experience After Reading a Couplet of Bidpai, by Frederick Ridgely Torrence. $1.

The Religion of Tomorrow, by Frank Crane. HERBERT S. STONE, PUBLISHER, CHICAGO.
How Women May Earn a Living, by Helen Churchill Candee. THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK.
The Social Meaning of Modern Religious Movements in England; Being the Ely Lectures for 1899, by Thomas C. Hall, D. D. $1.50. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK.
THE ESSEX HALL Year Book for 1900, for English Unitarians.



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